Psychopathologist

Carcass

Effervescing entrails corroding after years
The stench of the canker brings me no tears
Festering tumours of cancerous decay
Gnawed and chewed by maggots with malicious hateI like to slide my hand inside your stomach
And rip out the putrid remains,
Drink the pus and munch on the internal organs
Until all the casket is drained.
It's fun being a pathologist - slicing up corpses
Especially when they have just been exhumed,
I like doing autopsies on festering carcasses -
I get high sniffing on all the fumes(Solo: Inquisitive Brutality)The sound of rancid juices sloshing around your coffin
The mould and the gore remind me of that you're rotting
Congealed blood clotted around both sets of veins
The beautiful colour of your decomposing brain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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